National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888. VOL. VIII, NO. 80—WHOLE NO. 371.

THE Lost Army.

Scouting and Fighting Adventures of Two Boys IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS IN 1861, '62.

Changed from a Peaceful Camp to a Scene of War.

GEN. LYON KILLED.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "The Voyage of the Vivian," "Fulton and Steam Navigation," "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A TERRIBLE MARCH—A FIGHT AND A RETREAT.

On the 1st of August Gen. Lyon marched out on the road to the southwest and in the direction where the enemy was supposed to be; in fact, where it was positively known that he could be found. Most of the wagons were left behind, and among them were those driven by Jack and Harry. Not wishing to miss the chance of seeing a battle, those enterprising youths accompanied the column by permission of their Regimental Quartermaster, and under promise to return whenever word reached them that they were wanted.

August is a hot month in that part of the country; in fact, it is a hot month, as everybody knows, from one end of the United States to the other. Only a few miles were made on the first day's march from Springfield, but those few miles witnessed the exhaustion of many of the soldiers. The next day the column moved on to a place known as "Dug Spring," probably to distinguish it from the natural springs which abound through that country. And the heat of that day was something terrific.

Scores of men, overcome by the sultry atmosphere, dropped out of the line of march and fell exhausted by the roadside, where some of them died from the effects of sunstroke. Water was to be found only at long intervals, and when found the springs were soon rendered muddy or were completely exhausted by the crowds that rushed into them.

In Southwest Missouri, as in many parts of the Southern States, the spring which supplies a residence is covered with a frame building eight or ten feet square, and known as the springhouse. There are very few cellars in that region, and the springhouse is used for preserving milk, meat and other articles requiring the lowest attainable temperature in the absence of ice. The spring that gave the name to the locality in question was of this sort, and a small stream of water flowed from it perpetually, and probably is flowing still. To realize what happened there, let us quote from a letter which Harry wrote that evening to his mother:

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have known what it was to be very thirsty, but until to-day I never knew what it was to suffer—actually suffer—for want of water, though I have often thought I knew. It was one of the hottest days I ever saw in my life; the road was just one long line of dust, as no rain had fallen for some time and the ground was perfectly dry. We had a little skirmishing with the rebels in front of us, but it was very evident that we only met small scouting parties of them, as they fell back very soon after we met them. But so much did the men suffer for want of water that they didn't care for the enemy, and would have risked their lives for a cooling drink from a brook or spring.

We had left Wilson's Creek and Tyrel's Creek behind us; they are little streams or brooks that ordinarily contain only a few inches of water, but are said to be small rivers in their way when heavy rains fall. We went several miles without water, and at length the head of the column reached a large spring, which they told us was made by digging in the low ground, and for this reason it was called "Dug Spring."

Of course the first men that came to it rushed into the little springhouse to quench their thirst and fill their canteens, which they succeeded in doing. But before they had done so the crowd around the building was so dense that those inside could not get out; everybody was frantically seeking for water, water, water, and so wild were the men that the officers could not control them.

They lifted the springhouse from its foundations and threw it to one side, but this didn't help matters any. As fast as the men came up and the word was passed that there was a spring there, the ranks were broken and all that the officers could do was not enough to keep the men in place. Officers and men struggled together for water and all distinctions of rank were lost.

The spring was soon exhausted and so was a trough close by that contained water which had evidently stood there for some days. A pool a little way below the spring, where the hogs had wallowed, was eagerly sought by the struggling crowd and their feet stirred the mixture so that it was half mud. Soldiers had a hard struggle to fill their canteens with this stuff, and when they had done so and came out of the crowd they refused to give away a single drop. One of the newspaper correspondents says he saw an officer offer $5 to a soldier for a canteen full of this stuff, and the soldier refused it, saying he could not get any more and would die himself unless he had something to drink.

By the time Jack and I got to the spring the water was all gone and we didn't know what to do, as we were ready to drop with thirst. Our tongues were swollen and almost hanging from our mouths, and we felt we could not stand it much longer. I dashed into the crowd at the spring and saw it was no use; then I got into the other crowd at the pool and tore up two handfuls of the moist earth and carried them to one side. Jack did just like me, and we managed to squeeze a few drops of water out of the earth which we had thus secured. We tried it again, others did the same thing, and somehow we managed to get enough to cool our throats just a little.

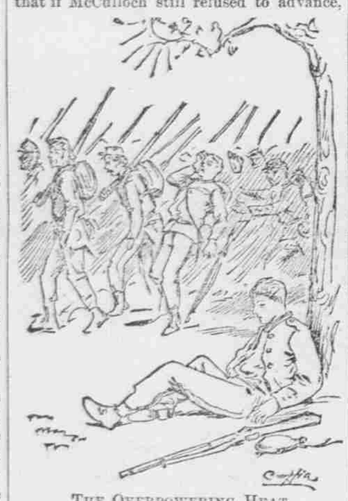
We camped this evening on a little creek a few miles further on, and here we are. The men care little for food; all they want just now is to get enough water to drink. The camp is in great confusion and if a well-disciplined enemy should fall on us just now it would have a good chance of whipping us. They say the rebels are only a little way ahead of us, and perhaps we shall have a fight with them to-morrow.

On the next day there was a skirmish, in which a few men were wounded, and the report was that the rebels had suffered severely; but as usual in such cases, especially at the beginning of the war, the rumors were far above the facts. As an illustration of this tendency we will take one of the battles of 1861 in which there were 10 killed on one side and 13 on the other, and about 40 wounded. The Union commander estimated the rebel loss "at not less than from 350 to 400," while the Confederate historians said the Union loss was "from 150 to 200 killed, and from 300 to 400 wounded." One of the best reports of a skirmish was that of a commander who wrote, "our loss was nothing; the enemy's is not known, but is certainly three times as great as our own."

Twenty-four miles from Springfield Gen. Lyon decided to fall back to that town, as he learned that the rebels had a force three or four times as great as his own; it turned out that these figures were a good deal exaggerated, but after making the most liberal deductions it is certain that they had fully twice his number. He reached Springfield on the 5th of August, and was more disheartened than ever. No reinforcements had come to him from Gen. Fremont, and from all indications none were likely to be sent in time to do him any good. He had two alternatives: to fight a battle with great odds against him, or to fall back to Rolla, the terminus of the railroad, without a fight.

At a council of his officers it was decided that the moral effect of retreating without a battle would be greater than after one; unless, indeed, the army should be so badly defeated that escape would be impossible. The rebels advanced and camped on Wilson's Creek, 10 miles from Springfield. It has become known since that there was a bitter quarrel between Gens. McCulloch and Price, and in consequence of this quarrel the rebels did not come at once to attack Springfield.

McCulloch was carrying out the policy of the Confederate Government, which just then did not favor pushing the war into the Border States; while Price wanted to take the offensive against the National Government and push the Union forces quite out of the State of Missouri. He was for fighting and pushing on, while McCulloch was opposed to anything of the kind; not on account of cowardice, be it understood, for he was as brave a soldier as the Confederacy produced during the war, but for political reasons, which have just been mentioned. He was only induced to march upon Springfield by Gen. Price giving up the command to him, and furthermore by the threat of the latter that if McCulloch still refused to advance,



THE OVERPOWERING HEAT.

he (Price) would alone advance with his Missourians and give battle to the Union forces. A full account of this quarrel is given in "The Fight for Missouri," by Col. Thomas L. Snead, who was Gen. Price's Adjutant-General throughout the Missouri campaign.

On the 8th of August Price learned that Lyon was fearful of an attack, and was making preparations to abandon Springfield. He urged McCulloch to advance at once, but the latter would not do so. On the 9th it was decided that an attack would be made on Springfield the next day, and the troops were ordered to be in readiness to move at 9 o'clock that night. But the plan was changed on account of a slight rain which fell towards evening and threatened to continue during the night. Many of the Missourians had no cartridge-boxes and were obliged to carry their ammunition in their pockets; consequently, a rain would have spoiled their cartridges and made these soldiers useless in a fight.

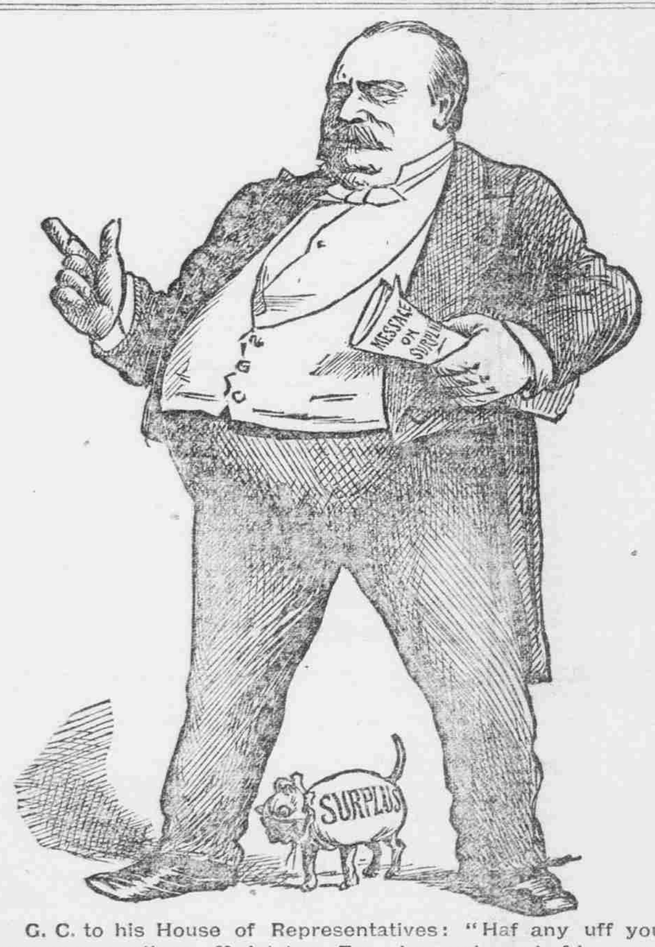
To what slight causes do we often owe the course of events!

The rain which stopped the Confederate advance did not interfere with the plan which Gen. Lyon formed during the day after consultation with his officers. It was to move out on the night of the 9th and be ready to attack by daylight on the 10th. The rebels were camped along Wilson's Creek for a distance altogether of about three miles, and it was not likely that they expected Gen. Lyon would seek to trouble them with his greatly-inferior numbers. As they expected to move at daylight to attack Springfield they had drawn in their pickets, and consequently were not aware of the Union advance until it was close upon them.

Gen. Lyon's plan was to attack both ends of the rebel camp at the same time, and for this purpose he divided his forces, sending Gen. Sigel with his own and Col. Soloman's regiments of infantry, a battery of six guns and two companies of Regular cavalry to attack the right wing of the rebels on the east side of the Fayetteville road. At the same time he proposed with the remainder of the Union forces to fall upon the other wing of the enemy's camp. The movements were to be so timed that the attack would be made at daylight, and Gen. Sigel, in case he got first into position, was to wait for the sound of Gen. Lyon's guns.

On this plan the two forces marched out of Springfield on the evening of the 9th. To how many men was that the last march, including the brave Commander of the Union army of southwest Missouri.

Each column by midnight had reached a point about four miles from the rebel camp, and within sight of some of the rebel campfires. There the men bivouacked on the



G. C. to his House of Representatives: "Haf any uff you poys seen anytings uff dot torg Zoorpluss vot you haf hear me dalk apout in dose messidges alreaty, aind it?"

field, and waited anxiously for the coming dawn. Daylight glimmered at length in the East, and, with as much silence as is possible to an advancing army, the march was resumed.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK—DEATH OF GEN. LYON.

Here is a description of the battlefield of the 10th of August, 1861, by a gentleman who was there on that occasion, and afterward visited the spot when he could do so without danger from shells and bullets.

As you go south from Springfield there is a comparatively level country for several miles, but in approaching the creek which gives the name to the battlefield you find a more broken region. The valley of the creek is bordered by low hills, and at the time of the fight these hills were covered with scrub-oaks, which were generally known to the natives as "black-jacks." These trees are so thickly scattered in many places that it is impossible to see for any distance, and on the day of the battle they masked the movements of the opposing armies from each other and led to several surprises.

The Fayetteville road going south crosses the creek at a ford and then runs almost parallel to the course of the stream for nearly a mile. On this part of the road and along the creek the main body of the Confederates was encamped, and the camp extended up a tributary of Wilson's Creek known as Skegg's Branch. Between Skegg's Branch and its junction with Wilson's Creek is a steep hill, perhaps a hundred feet high, its sides seamed with ravines and its top broken with rocks in many places, so that wagons and artillery cannot be freely moved about. This was known as Oak Hill at the time of the battle, and has since been called Bloody Hill by the Confederates in memory of the slaughter that took place there. It was the scene of the principal fighting of the day and of the death of Gen. Lyon.

During the war it often happened that engagements were called by different names by the opposing forces. Thus the battle now known as that of Shiloh was originally called the battle of Pittsburg Landing by the Northern side and Shiloh by the South. The battle of Pea Ridge was so named by the Northerners, but it was known as Elkhorn Tavern by the South. In the same way the battle of Wilson's Creek, as the North knew it, was the battle of Oak Hill to the South. In fact, it had three names, as Gen. Price in his official report called it the battle of Springfield.

Oak Hill, or Bloody Hill, was covered with low bushes in addition to the scrub-oaks already mentioned, but the underbrush was not thick, and did not particularly interfere with movements of troops or individuals, though it caused the lines of the soldiers to be considerably broken, and furnished a complete screen to men lying down. The rebels were camped at the foot of the hill, and its summit afforded a good view of the greater part of the Confederate position.

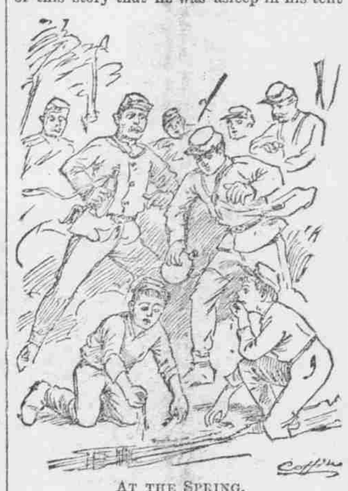
Gen. Lyon reached the farther slope of the hill before his approach was discovered. His advance was first made known to the Missourians, who were camped in that vicinity, and whose commander had sent out a picket about daylight. The first encounter was between Capt. Plummer's battalion of Regulars and Col. Hunter's Missouri regiment, the latter falling back as their commander saw the strength of the forces opposed to him. Gen. Lyon advanced as rapidly as possible, and soon had possession of the crest of the hill.

The whole force of Gen. Lyon which he had on the field on that terrible morning was about 5,500 men, of whom 1,200 were with Gen. Sigel and 3,300 under his own personal direction. Gen. Sigel's forces have been enumerated. Those of Gen. Lyon were Capt. Plummer's Regulars, the batteries of Capts. Totten and Dubois—10 guns in all, Steele's battalion of 300 Regulars, Osterhaus's battalion of volunteer infantry, and the volunteer regiments of the 1st Mo., 1st Iowa and 1st and 2d Kan. According to their own figures the Confederates were 10,175 strong, about half of them belonging to the Missouri State Guard and the other half to the forces that had been sent from Arkansas and Louisiana to aid the Missourians in recapturing the State from the National Government.

Let us turn for a moment to Gen. Sigel. His part of the plan of attack was perfectly carried out. He arrived before daylight in the position assigned to him and had his guns in position and his troops drawn up ready to begin the attack as soon as he heard the sound of Lyon's guns. From the point where he stood he could look down upon the rebel camp and see the cooks busy with their preparations for breakfast, and he so arranged his skirmishers that they captured every man who straggled out of camp, and thus prevented any warning of the presence of an enemy. Anxiously did he wait for the signal to begin the attack. He and his officers around him saw that they would make a complete surprise of the part of the camp they were to attack, and already felt sure that the battle would be in their favor.

It was a few minutes past 5 when the first of the rebels were encountered by Lyon's advance, and by 5:30 the battle had begun. Capt. Totten planted his artillery in a good position and threw a 12-pound shell into the enemy's camp. Shell after shell followed from his batteries and Dubois's, and then the sounds of Sigel's cannon were heard answering from the other end of the line.

A rebel officer afterward told the writer of this story that he was asleep in his tent



AT THE SPRING.

when an Orderly came to tell him to get his regiment under arms, as the Yankees were coming.

"Is that official?" queried the officer as he languidly raised his head.

Before the Orderly could answer the sound of a cannon was heard, and a shell tore through the tent and narrowly missed its occupant.

No explanation was needed. "Well, that's official, anyhow," exclaimed the officer as he sprang from his blankets and went through whatever toilet he had to make with the greatest celerity.

Sigel's shot fell among the Arkansas and Louisiana troops, while those of Lyon were delivered at the Missourians. Very quickly the rebel forces were under arms; their tents fell as though by magic, and from a peaceful camp the spot was changed into a scene of war as by the wand of a magician.

The scrub-oaks and underbrush masked the movements of the rebels and enabled them to form their line quite near that of Lyon's forces without being seen. They waited for Lyon's advance, which was not long delayed, and as the Union troops came advancing through the bushes they were met by a withering fire from the rifles of the Missourians at close range. This was on the slope of Bloody Hill, and on this hill for five hours the battle raged between the opposing forces.

Neither side attempted a bayonet charge, as the ground was quite unsuited to it on account of the density of the brush and the uncertainties that might be behind it. Most of the Missourians were armed with ordinary shotguns and hunting-rifles, and consequently they could not have attempted a bayonet charge, even though other circumstances had permitted one.

The opposing lines advanced, retired, advanced again, and often were not more than 50 yards apart. Sometimes the ground was held and contested for several minutes, and at others only for a very brief period. Now and then came a lull, when for half an hour or so hardly a shot would be fired, the antagonists each waiting for the next move of their opponents. The stillness at these times was almost painful and in marked contrast to the roar and rattle of the small-arms and the deep diapason of the artillery whenever the battle was renewed.

The ground was strewn with dead and wounded. Here lay a body stiff and still in the embrace of death, and close beside it another writhing in the agonies of flesh torn by bullets or by splinters of shell. Rebel and Union lay side by side as the line of battle changed its position, and beneath more than one of the dwarfed oaks that spread over the now-memorable field the blue and gray together sought shelter from the August sun and from the leaden rain that fell pattering among the leaves. Down by the base of the hill flowed the creek, apparently undisturbed as ever. The waters invited the thirsty to partake, but whoever descended to drink from the rippling stream, or to fill a canteen for the wounded, who piteously begged for relief, did so at the risk of his life. The creek was commanded by the rifles of the Missourians concealed in a wheatfield on the opposite side, and not till the end of the battle was their position changed.

The attack of Gen. Sigel upon the rebel camp on his side of the line was as successful as it was sudden. The camp was abandoned, and his soldiers marched through it without opposition to form along the Fayetteville road and be ready to cut off the

"WELL, THAT'S OFFICIAL."

retreat of the rebels whenever they should be put to flight by Gen. Lyon.

After the first shock of the battle was over, Gen. McCulloch carefully reconnoitered the position of Gen. Sigel, and in consequence of the protection afforded by the oaks and underbrush he was enabled to do so without being seen. Ascertaining their position with great exactness, he brought up two batteries and placed them within point-blank range of Sigel's line, and at the same time advanced the 3d La. All this was accomplished while Sigel still supposed the entire Confederate force was engaged with Lyon; the complete screen of the trees and bushes rendering the concealment possible.

The 3d La. was uniformed in gray exactly like the uniform of the 1st Iowa. When it approached it was mistaken by Sigel's men for the latter regiment, and the word passed along the line that friends were coming.

As the gray-coated rebels came up the fire of Sigel's men was withheld and flags were waved in welcome. The advancing enemies reserved their fire and moved steadily forward, and before they were near enough to be recognized the two rebel batteries opened with full force upon Sigel and his astonished soldiers.

The latter were thrown into consternation, which was increased when the gray-coated men, still supposed to be friends, charged straight upon them and in a few moments had taken possession of five out of the six guns. Until it was too late, the Germans under Sigel believed that the regiment approaching them was the 1st Iowa, and withheld their fire, with consequences easy to foresee.

Their rout was complete. Many were killed or wounded and many more captured. About 400 of Sigel's men answered at the next roll-call; some escaped and joined the retreating column the next day, and a portion of the column took the road through Little York and reached Springfield without further encounter with the enemy.

This happened about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and from that time on the rebels could concentrate their attentions upon Gen. Lyon, Sigel being no longer in their way. They did so concentrate, and by 10 o'clock Lyon was very hotly pressed. Fresh troops were poured in by the rebels, but Lyon's whole force had now been engaged, and was steadily melting away. The rebels were assembling for a fresh attack, and the peril of the Union force was imminent. Unless they could break the rebel line before it was ready to advance, the day was in great danger of being lost.

[To be continued.]

Two Veterans Killed.

While workmen were tearing down an old hospital building at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, O., Sept. 11 a wall toppled over, burying them under the debris. Two men were killed and several are severly injured. The killed are Wm. Sewell, of Co. G, 1st Tenn., and a member of Co. I, 160th Ohio.

PATRIOTISM'S JUBILEE.

Comrades by Tens of Thousands in Line of Parade.

TRIUMPHANT G.A.R.

Meeting at Columbus, O., of the National Encampment.

HAPPY COMRADESHIP.

National Officers Elected by Acclamation.

THE PARADE.

The Most Imposing Demonstration Seen Since the Close of the War—Miles of G.A.R. Men—At Least 45,000 Veterans in Line.

THE meeting of the 22d National Encampment at Columbus, O., was opened on Tuesday, Sept. 11, by the most magnificent parade which has been witnessed since the return of the armies to Washington in 1865. The number of men in line is variously estimated at from 45,000 to 60,000. As there is always a tendency to overestimate the magnitude of a force marching in line by those unaccustomed to the size of such pageants, probably the former figure is not far from correct. In addition to the number who marched there were nearly as many comrades who either through late arrival or decrepitude did not appear in line, but helped to make the enormous throng of spectators who watched the procession as it tramped by from one end of its route to the other.

Many of the comrades were conspicuous by snowy locks and halting step, still the majority who passed the stand did it with the swinging step of the disciplined soldier, and appeared to be men yet in the full strength of manly life. There were two or three who hobbled along upon one leg, and were greeted with special marks of approbation by the spectators.

SPLENDID WEATHER.

As for the weather it could not have been better if made to order. Succeeding several days of cold and rain all over the country, the sun came out again and shone brightly from morning until night, and yet there was no oppressive heat, which is more tiring on the vitality of a procession than almost any other element that could be introduced.

PERFECT ARRANGEMENTS.

Again the arrangements were perfect, and were carried out as ordered in every detail. There was not a hitch or failure of any kind to mar the perfection of the program, and as a result there were no long breaks in the procession, nor waits to make the crowd impatient, but an almost unbroken succession of mounted Aids, playing bands, and the solid tramp of files of marching veterans in blue.

There were 18 divisions in the line, nine of which were composed of Ohio men. The procession formed on East Broad street, then west to Third, south to State, west to High, south to Fulton, counter-marching on High to Naughton, counter-marching on High to Broad, then east on Broad to Third, north on Third to Gay street, making a distance of between five and six miles.

The reviewing stand was located on East Broad street, on the north side of the State House Square, under the shade of the ample Elm trees that line the Park. At an early hour in the morning the crowd of spectators began to fill the Square and to line the street, especially in the vicinity of the stand, and by 9:30 the stand itself was filled by distinguished spectators who had been admitted by special ticket.

The street was cleared up and down both sides for a block in this vicinity, and the 14th Regiment, Ohio National Guards, under Col. Freeman, formed a line and kept back the enthusiastic throng.

In the meantime the spectators were interested by the appearance of belated Posts arriving from the depot and marching, with their camp equipments, on their way to their position in the line. About 12 o'clock the orphans from the Xenia Home marched by and took their place in a stand reserved for them at the east of the grand stand. At 2:30 the head of the grand column came in sight, and was greeted by the children as they approached, with a chorus of several hundred voices ringing out the strains of "Marching through Georgia," and "John Brown's Body." The Commander-in-Chief's mounted escort was drawn up in line on High street, and the veterans who carried the old Ohio battleflags (not sent back) counter-marched and took position the opposite side of the way, where they stood throughout the day.

Gen. Rea then took his place with the distinguished guests of the Department for the review, and the procession moved on.

ON THE GRAND STAND

the General found, among others, the last of the great triumvirate of the war, Gen. Sherman, Mrs. Gen. Logan, Mrs. Ex-President Hayes and daughter, Mrs. Gov. Foraker, Mrs. Gov. Alger, Gen. McMillen, of New Orleans; Judge Thurman, Mrs. Gen. Crook, the veteran Gen. Kelly, Gen. Lucius Fairchild, Gen. John S. Kountz, Gov. Thayer, of Nebraska; Gen. Thomas J. Wood, Gen. Buckland and many others.

There was also a lady who attracted a great deal of attention, Mrs. Rebecca Bonsall, of Winchester, Va., who occupied a seat near Mrs. Hayes. A romantic bit of history is connected with her name, which is well worth referring to. She was Miss Wright during the war, and has in her possession a letter received from Gen. Phil Sheridan regarding her services in connection with the battle of Opequan and the capture of Winchester. As Gen. Sheridan relates the circumstance, he wrote a note to Miss Wright, in whose loyalty he had confidence, and rolled it up in tin foil, giving it to a colored man to carry through the lines. The negro deposited the message in his capacious mouth and safely delivered it. In this note Gen. Sheridan asked accurate information as to the number and strength of the enemy; Miss Wright secured the information and returned it to the General by the same means, and he gives her the credit of his success in the subsequent engagement, he being enabled to successfully attack the Confederates through the information furnished. He also presented her with an elegant gold souvenir as a memento of the event. Mrs. Bonsall was present at the invitation of the Department, and was a guest of Gen. John G. Mitchell.

Another person on the reviewing stand, who seemed to be especially interesting to Gen. Sherman, was

THE VENERABLE GARDNER BARBER,

of Northville, Mich., who was 101 years old last January. He is a veteran of the 124th Ohio, in which he served one year, having enlisted at the age of 75.

Ben. Franklin, the veteran who lost both arms and both legs, was also on the stand, and was recognized by Gen. Sherman as an old acquaintance.

Late in the afternoon Col. Fred. Grant and wife arrived, their train having been delayed, and after their various Departments had passed, Gov. Alger of Michgan, Senator Warner Miller and Commander Curtis, of New York, also joined the reviewing party, as did Gov. Foraker, who was greeted with a round of applause from the opposite side of the street.

THE PROCESSION.

It would be useless to pretend to give a detailed description of a spectacle of such magnitude and of ever-varying character. There was a constantly-changing appearance to the line, owing to the numerous bands, the specially-uniformed companies, the banners and devices carried by the men. As will be seen by the official order of march the Ohio Department occupied the first half of the procession, and a grand display they made. After the two platoons of mounted police, under Chief John E. Murphy, came Col. Patton and staff; then a body of cavalrymen of the 1st Ohio Cav., who were acting as escort to the Commander-in-Chief; then Ex-President R. B. Hayes followed, standing with uncovered head in a barouche, and the battleflag veteran battalion mentioned above.

The first Post in the procession was J. C. McCoy Post, No. 1, of Columbus. They were a magnificent body of men, and their uniforms were made conspicuous by white belts. The Geo. H. Thomas Zouave Drum Corps and W. H. Little Post Drum Corps were loudly applauded. Forsyth Post, of Toledo, carried a huge copper canteen supported on a frame carried by a half-dozen comrades, and was an object of much attention. The first colored organization was a Post of Chillicothe, and they presented a veteran-like appearance and were loudly cheered. Tod Post, of Youngstown, O., all carried steel ramrods, and Garfield Post, of Mentor, carried a splendid banner, upon which was painted a life-size portrait of the late President. Groce Post, of Circleville, O., dragged a fieldpiece labeled "Tecumseh." As it passed Gen. Sherman smiled, and the veterans cheered for "Uncle Billy." Daniels Post, of Xenia, was the largest colored Post in the parade; they marched in the sixth division. Conspicuous among other things was a cannon completely covered with buckeyes. The Sheridan battalion, from Perry County, carried a magnificent oil portrait of the late General painted upon a silken banner, and trimmed with heavy crepe. They also had a flag made by the mother of the dead General, and presented to the battalion the day before by Miss Sheridan, the daughter of the General's brother.

The ninth division was made up of miscellaneous commands, prominent among which was the only regimental organization in the parade. It was the 5th U. S. C. T., raised during the war in the vicinity of Delaware, O.

The survivors of the Andrews raiders, accompanied by members of their families, rode in an ambulance, and were loudly cheered on the line of march. Their daring attempt to burn the railroad bridges between Chattanooga and Atlanta in '62 is familiar to the readers of "Capturing a Locomotive," which is published by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Ex-prisoners of war, under the command of Capt. S. S. Canfield, represented the Toledo Ex-Prisoners' Association along the line of march.

There were several floats in this division, which fired off Japanese bombs. The first was a model of the gunboat Caroudelet, drawn by a traction engine, with a mortar on board. The boat was fully manned, and a Jack-tar took soundings every few yards. This was followed by another boat representing the Kearsarge, recalling the history and final end of the famous pirate Alabama. The third was a model of the old Monitor, 35 feet long, and then came four cutters, followed by a double line of sailors marching afoot, with arms interlaced.

The 10th division embraced the Department of Illinois, and they all recognized Mrs. Logan upon the stand and greeted her with swinging hats and rousing cheers. She leaned forward upon the rail of the reviewing stand and bowed personal recognition to many as they passed. They were a fine-looking body of men, and were accompanied by Maj. Nevins's Band of Chicago, than which there was no better in the line.

A STAFF OF MAIMED VETERANS.

Wisconsin came next, and at the head of the column was borne the emblem of the State in the form of a stuffed badger sur-